(Copyrght for The Times, 1894.)
In the accounts of the storms last winter frequent mention was made of the "great blizzard of "13," and some short descriptions given in the papers carried me back into the very heart of that frightful tempest, and caused me to re-live, in the most vivid manner, the whole of the three-days' experience. I have been in many similar storms of snow, but never in any which had the same sustained, inin any which had the same sustained, in-

xorable fury.

As a matter of fact, a blizzard on the prairie corresponds to a tempest on the sea, which never affects the sailor twice exactly alike. Each norther seems to have a character of its own; one may be sharp, high-keyed and spiteful; r slow, steady, relentlers, wearing out the prisoned people by day after day of storm siege, while another would be simply appalling with the suddenness and infinite weight of its snow and the inten-

mode of at'acl* one threatening, mutter-ing and lowering for days, while another, like the "Great Blizzard," leaps like a stalking tiger on the traveller. It is this stalking there on the traveller. It is this storm which is so destructive to life almost instantly out of a clear sky, it sinds the traveller far from home, the children at school, and the husbandupprepared for the assault. Such the character of the blizzard in

neighbors in their sleighs, streamed by the school-house where we youngsters eat listening "wistfully to the music of

the house a team drove into the yard

containing three persons.

"Is this John Bartle's?" called a voice through the darkness.

"No, it's Robert Graham's; but you're just as welcome. You're Arton Bond, I take it?"

I take it?"

"Yes. What do you think of this?
Can we ever get across Wind Prairie?"

"I should say not. You just get out and stay all night. There ain't a man livin' can find his way across that stretch o' prairie such a night as this. Drive your sleigh to the door and put your woman in the house, and then come back and put up your team."

They were neighbors, who had settled farther on to the north, and across a

farther on to the north, and across a stretch of prairie, to cross which in such a storm would be almost certain death. They wisely took father's advice, and soon we closed the barn and went to the house, to eat a hot supper, over, which the men told stories of storms then, to which we boys listened with consuming interest. During the remainthen), to which we boys listened with consuming interest. During the remain-der of the evening we joked and sang and played games, our merriment in-tensified by the commotion outside. But when we went to bed, at 19 o'clock, I, for one, trembled with awe. I had a premonition that this was to be some-

thing unparallelled. It appeared to me as one of those frightful disturbances in the orderliness of nature which make man to feel himself the insect he really is. It did not shape itself into these words, but an awed silence came upon The cold began to make itself felt,



"... THIS JOHN BARTLE'S?"

ks, bound for the timber which cew along the river several miles below.

there singled past in light sleighs, with their wives seated beside them, on the ay to the stores in the neighboring awoke in the feeble light of the next marrhy. I realized how mistaken I had

farm and the eaves dripped merrily. The windows to the South were open and the children played without mittens. But about a quarter to 4 the scholars of saw a vide, seamless, signaptic dome of slaty-blue cloud, rising swift, ominous and noiseless, sweeping on to the south like the shadew of night. At its upper oke the shadew of night. At its opported to the class there was a beautiful fringe of silver-white vapor, which was in motion, wavering to and fro, shimmering like frost. But the rouss of the cloud had a

At 4 o'clock the sun was still snining, more properly shot, across the sun's disc and its light was growing pale and cold. In a few minutes more the wind from the South ceased—there was a moment of the South ceased—there was a breathless pause—and then, borne on a powerful north wind, the streaming clouds swept upon us. Large flakes of snow, damp and wide-winged, drove in a level line into the face of the traveller, sticking to the clothing and cheek, ing to the cashing a first the thermometer must to freeze, but the thermometer must seen, save the lashing of the wind and have been rapidly falling. We dashed snow. When we attempted to face it

thrill of terror to the listener's heart Farmers went by with striking, as it did, through our little house, ound for the timber which freezing our food within a few feet of

morning I realized how mistaken I had been. No words of mine can describe the steady, solemn, implacable roar of imagine all the roarings of the Hons of Africa, the hissing of wilderness of serpents, the inshings of great trees and the wails of a hundred unfaltering, rushing, diffusive, all surrounding roar, and you may ris half-way to the reality of that voice. It benumbed the brain, it appailed the heart as no other force I have ever met could have dore. The sea itself, in its mighti-est moments, could not be more abso-

Intely horrifying.

The house shock and snapped, the snow but the edge of the cloud had crept, or more properly shot, across the sun's disc and its light was growing pale and cold. on a gravelly beach, while the hurling streams of snow gave rise to strange multitudinous, anomalous sounds, now dim and far, now near and all-surround-ing, producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach, as though the house were a helpless ship, tossing on a limitless,

Looking out, there was nothing to be



THE LOGS LOOKED LIKE PILLARS OF LAOW.

home merrily with the teautiful snow. By the time we had reached home, a half-mile away, the wind was a gale, the a vast, blinding cloud, through the air with a peculiar, faint whispering murmur, eddying and scurry-ing in fantastic and beautiful lines, as the wind sported with it. Darkness co Darkness came stantly increased in power. We now felt its seriousness, and hurried to finish the

When the men returned, o'clock, the familiar faces of the horses were lost in their thick coating of ice leicles of frozen foam hung from their lips, their manes and tails were a clumsy mass or haif-melted snow. The load of wood was a mountain of stanless snow-pillars, and father in his great-coat, looked like a polar bear. We thought it could not last coming from ought it could not last, coming from

fetlocks of the tired horses, the men pre-dicted that we were in for an all-night The hired man said he never'd seen it snow so fast but once before. We youngsters enjoyed the strangeness of it all—the impenetrableness of the cloud of snow, the dancing light of the lanterns, the whirl of the flakes in the red light which streamed from the barn door, and the brisk, excited talk of the

Teams went by with wood, the shout-ing drivers sitting on the leeward side of their load leaving the horses to find the road. Just as we were about starting for

and go to the rescue of the poor cattle, we found that the character of the storm had completely changed. It was no longer snowing, but the air was filled with an impenetrable cloud of flying snow, fine as powder, and mixed with the dirt caught up from the plowed fields by the relentless blast which had now attained the inconceivable velocity of nine tained the inconcervable velocity of the ty miles at hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet, save at long intervals—indeed, one could not see at all facing the storm; the eyes would have been destroyed. As we stepped out into the wind the face was coated with ice and dirt as if by a dash of mud, a mask which blinded the eyes and froze the check in a few sec-

Such was the force of the wind that a strong man could not breathe with his mouth unprotected. The mouth being once open, the breath seemed swept away and the power of the lungs to inhale lost.

That day we mainly spent in keeping warm, and feeding the stock in the barn, which we reached by despearte dashes during some momentary relenting in the tempest. We attempted to water the horses and cows, but the wind blew the water that the barners was the real and froze it instantly. water from the pail, and froze it instantly on everything it touched. In the house it became more and more difficult to put a cheerful construction upon the out-

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour we listened to that prodigious, appalling, ferocious wind. All day we moved rest-lessly to and fro, asking each other, "Will it never end?" We had the space

sensations which the sailor has when the roused ocean seems too vast and too ungovernable to ever again be spoken into quiet, even by the Creator Himself. It did not seem to me that God could control that sorm, for my imagination could not conscious of a power greater could not conceive of a power greater than this war of wind and snow.

On the third day we rose with weariness, and looked into each other's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not the invincible heart of father nor the cheery good-nature of our species, could cheery good-nature of our guests, could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon us. Conversation was scanty, and I do not remember that any one laughed during the whole of that day as we listened anxiously to the wind tearing at the shingles, beating at the door and

The frost upon the windows thickened, and the room was dusk at mid-day. It grew dark at 3 o'clock, and the lamps shricking around the caves. were lighted. The women sat with awed faces and wide-open, musing eyes, full of unshed tears, their sympathy going out to the poor travellers on the

ing out to the Loor travellers on the wild prairie, or floundering in the deep drifts of the guilles.

That night, so disturbed had we become, that we lay awake until nearly midright, listening, praying that the storm might cease, watting for some sign to tell that the wind had reached its height. height

Shortly after midn'ght I noticed that the roar was no longer so relentless, steady and high-keyed. There were moments of hill, a distinct easing away, and though it returned to its attack almost immediately, its fury was plainly becoming spasmodic. I heard an exultant voice from below cry out, "The sterm is over!" and then everybody sank into deep sleep, from sheer relief. into deep sleep, from sheer relief.

It is impossible to express the joy with

which we melted the ice from the windows the next morning, and looked out upon the familiar landscape, peaceful, dazzling under the brilliant sun and sky.

We greeted it with a sort of frenzy, as if we had given it up for lost. The wide plain, edged with drifts, and the far blue line of timber looked familiar but desolate. The neighboring cottages sent up a cheerful column of smoke, as if to tell us the people were allve, but the sound of the wind seemed with us still, so long upon the familiar landscape, peaceful, dazzling under the brilliant sun and sky. We greeted it with a sort of frenzy, as if we had given it up for lost. The wide plain, edged with drifts, and the far blue line of timber looked familiar but desolate. The neighboring cottages sent up a cheerful column of smoke, as if to tell us the people were alive, but the sound of the wind seemed with us still, so long and so continuously had it howled in our

and so continuously had it howled in our ears, that even in a perfect calm the imagination was constrained to supply its loss with fainter, fancied roarns.

As long as I live I shall never forget those days, and the sound of that wind will never leave me. What it must have leen on the open plair was awful to think of. Those prairies, so bright and beautiful in the summer, that you seem beautiful in the summer, that you seem adrift on a flowery see, under skies of perpetual blue—those wide wastes when the Norther was abroad in his wrath were as pittless and destructive as the Northern Ocean. Nothing lived there unhoused-all was at the mercy of the north wind, whom only the great Lord Sun could tame.

FOR JOHNNY REB.

A Testimonial Concert to be Tendered Him Te-Morraw Night,

To-morrow night the Y. M. C. A. hall To-morrow night the 1.

To-morrow night the 1.

Will be the scene of an occasion which will be a pleasant and interesting one will be a pleasant and interesting one troop many standpoints. Some of the from many standpoints. Some of the very best talent in Richmond, together with a large number of prominent men in business and professional life in the city, will tender Judge F. R. Farrar ("Old Johnny Reb"), a grand testimonial en-tertainment, as an expression of regard

This particular evening was selected as being eminently appropriate, on account of its marking two epochs of Judge Farar's career-first, his sixty-seventh birthday, and second, the completion of over a quarter of a century (exactly twe..ty-nine years) on the lecture platform.

No Vinginia lecture has need for so

No Virginia lecturer has neen for so ong a time before the people, and none long a time before the people, and none ever received more flattering recognition of his genius and talent than has our "Old Johnny Reb." His fame is not confined to Virginia, and thousands of delighted hearers have greeted him at many distant points in our country. He has been unusually prompt and willing to render his services to all manner of charitable and other enterprises during this long period before the people, and while not making any claim on this score, still the old adage that "one good score, still the old adage that "one good turn deserves another," is eminently ap-propriate as applied to this case.

The entertainment will begin at 8:15 promptly, and one of the ap-down on the programme will be the ap-pearance of Mr. Polk Miller, who is a use long triend of the Judge. A letter ilfe-long friend of the Judge. A letter which explains itself is appended, and it is to be hoped that every seat in the Y. M. C. A. hall may be occupied by a friend or admirer of Judge F. R. Fara friend or admirer of Judge P. R. Par-rar, and as many more who want to en-joy a first-class entertainment, and at the same time do honor to Judge Farrar, Baltimore, Jan. 1, 1895. Dear Smith: When I left home you had

Dear Smith: When I left home you had been asked by New York parties to give me a date in that city on the 7th. If you have made a date for me there, please cancel it, as I would not like under any circumstances to be away from Richmond at the time of the entertainment given for Judge Farrar's benefit. He is an old friend and neighbor, and I want to be with him on that occasion.

Yours very truly, POLK MILLER.

A West End Entertainmet,

A delightful entertainment was given by Miss Bessie Lefew to a party of her friends last Wednesday evening at the residence of her brother, Mr. W. W. Lefew, 1908 Floyd avenue. Games and other pleasures were engaged in unit other pleasures were engaged in until 12 o'colck, when refreshments were served, after which the pleasures were continued until 3 o'clock. The rooms were handsomely decorated with palms and flowers. Those present were Misses Lillie and Dalsy Todd, Jennie Gates, Marie Fleming, Miss Mattie Abrams, of Washington, D. C.; Essie Phillips, Sailie Sullivan. ing, Miss Mattie Abrams, of Washington, D. C.; Essie Phillips, Saille Sullivan, Blanche Jones, Haute Ready and Mattie and Grace Adams, Messrs Counie Valentine, Wilke and Walter Todd, Arthur Winn, Hampton Gates, Alvin and Dean Garthright, Willie Northen, Percy Richardson, Willie Bowies, Fred, Lefew, Along Phillips, Bobba, Jones and Hanny an Phillips, Robbie Jones and Henry

Antitoxine a Surress. Mrs. Robert Ranlet, of Holyoke, Mass., who was well-known in Richmond as Miss Netta Potts, has just recovered from a severe attack of diphtheria. Antitoxine was applied by her doctor in Holyoke, and in six hours relief was obtained and the danger from the disease

The application was made inside twenty-four hours from the time the disease was discovered, and it was a complete success in every way. Mrs. Ranlet is now out of danger and sitting up in her room, and soon expects to visit her family in Richmond. The success of this great dis-covery in the healing art in Mrs. Ranlet's case largely increases the interest here in this new and wonderful agent. Mrs. Ranlet's friends will be glad to learn that

is having a large sale. Every one who hears it wants a copy. One of the best plano pieces of the present day. Call and examine the music at and examine the music at RICHMOND MUSIC COMPANY, 213 east Broad.

she is out of danger.

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This elegant train, composed entirely
of vestibuled Pullman sleeping, dining,
observation and library cars, will leave
Byrd-street station, Richmond, via, Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac railroad, on and after January 19th, daily
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at Washington at 11:19 A. M.; at Baltimore, 12:25 P. M.; at Philadelphia, 2:55
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A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

TWO HANDSOME PRIZES ANNOUNCED FOR JANUARY.

Master Beamer Scott and Miss Elice Price Win December Prizes January Con. test Begin. To-day.

"Just What I Wauted." Grandpa looked at his fine new chair, On the twenty-sixth of December, Saying: "Santa Claus is so good to me! He never fails to remember; He never tails to remember;
But my old arsichair is the one for me,
(And he settled himself in it nicely);
I hope he won't mind if I cling to it,
For it fits my back precisely."

Papa came home that very night, He had plowed his way through the And the Christmas twinkle had left his

eye,
And his step was tired and slow;
Warming for him his slippers lay,
The lovely embroidered-in-gold ones,
That had hung on the Christmas-tree last night,
But he sliped his feet in the old ones.

And when dear little Marjory's bed-time

came, On the parlor rug they found her, dark lashes a-droop on her The long, dark lashes a-droop on he checks.

And her Christmas toys around her;

Neglected Angelique's waxen nose The fire had melted completely, But her precious rag doll, Hannah Jane, On her breast was resting sweetly. -The Independent.

Jack's Christmas in England.

them severely, and with deep disappro-val, "We made sure that it was Santa

val, "We made sure that it was Santa Claus coming down the passage, and now it's only you!"

"You'd better mend your manners and say 'how do you' to Jack," said Arthur laughing; and then little Norris put in: "Is it to-morrow morning, Arthur, and has Santa Claus forgotten us? See, our stockings are quite thin and empty! I put Arabella here on the pillow to let him see that I wanted no more dolls, but a cricket bat, being that I'm so large, Do you think he has forgotten?" an anxious expression taking the place of the expectant one with which he had watched their entrance.

expectant one with which it wouldn't do such a thing. But now be quiet, all of you, or you'll wake the parson; and shut your eyes and lie down, for Santa Claus will never come while you are awake, and he's just acking to put that bat in your stocking."

And then saying "good-night," the boys went laughing away to their own room.

They were just falling asleep, when the sound of voices sinigng beneath the window brought Jack to a sitting position, exclaiming: "O how beautiful! What is

it, Arthur?"
"Why it's the school children singing carols; don't they do it with you? Father carols, don't they do it with you. Father will give them fruit and cakes and a few pennies presently and then they will go away and sing at the next house. Yes," drowsily, in response to Jack's repeated exclamations of delight, "yes, it sounds very well."

And long after Arthur was fast calcon.

And long after Arthur was fast asleep Jack hay listening with delight and ex-citement to the voices which still floated back, as the singers moved from house to house, "See, amid the winter snow, to house, "See, amid the winter show," Carol, brothers, carol," and many others they sang that he knew and loved. "I felt as though I was in a story book," he said to his mother long afterward, when telling her of that night. Too wide awake and excited to sleep, he lay theking of towards and wondering wide awake and excited to sieep, he fay thinking of to-morrow and wondering what his mother and the children would do without them; and how beautiful it was to remember that they, too, would be celebrating the day. And then, for the first time in his life, it occurred to him that all over the world from Africa to Greenland, there were treatly who to Greenland, there were people who would be thinking the same thoughts, and celebrating that day. "Fourth of July and Thanksgiving-Day, and Washion's Birthday. are our own, but Christmas is for all the world-the one day that is celebrated in all parts of the world." And as he finally dropped off to sleep, it was with these words running through his head; From the rising of the sun, even unto he going down of the same, My name the going down of the same, My hame shall be great—" and the next thing that he knew Arthur was leaning over him crying: "Merry Christmas, Jack, and welcome to England on it!"

Jack was up in a minute, eager for new experiences; and they soon came, with breakfast and then the presents, with plenty of fun and frolic, after which they all crossed the common to the little church, where Jack's thoughts of the night before returned in full force, and it seemed if possible more than ever beautiful to know that the Christmas ells and Christmas carols were sounding

bells and Christmas carols were sounding through all the earth.

"And now for the pudding. Jack," laughed Grace, as they gathered about the table. Such a dinner! I wish that I could tell you all about it; and how Jack rose in his seat and made a low bow when the little pig was carried in with a tiny American flag thrust into his side; and of the pretty things which Mr. Bruston said about the flag's coun-Mr. Bruxton said about the flag's coun

something very polite in return, one of the maids came and whispered to Mrs Bruxton, and asking hastily to be ex-cused she left the room, followed by Arthur and Grace, for the maid's evident Arthur and Grace, for the maid's evident excitement and their mother's troubled face had roused their anxiety. Such a sight as met their eyes on entering the kitchen! There lay the long-looked for and cherished pudding, a mass of ruins upon the table, and beside it stood the cook, the picture of despair. Frank, who had been first on the scene of disaster, was regarding it with folded arms, and a yery serious expression; and presently. very serious expression; and presently, glancing from his mother to Arthur and Grace, he turned and walked slowly from the room. The others followed him al-most immediately, but before they could most immediately, but before they could break the news he stood up on the step of his high chair, into which he had climbed, and looking around upon them all said: "A thing has happened. Cook has dropped the pudding, and it isn't round any more, but in many small pieces, and she says that her heart is broken entirely, too. Mamma looks as if she wanted to cry; Arthur and Grace are scowling frightfully; but isn't it if she wanted to cry; Arthur and Grace are scowling frightfully; but isn't it Christmas just the same as before the pudding was broken, and peace on earth, good-will to men?" Then he sat down, but half rising again added; "I expect the broken bits will taste very good." Mamma hal been looking as though she wanted to cry; Arthur and Grace had been scowling frightfully; but it was Christmas just the same as before the pudding was broken, and there should be peace and good-will to men. Everybody who had looked sad, or worried, or disappointed, smiled. Mrs. Bruxton, bebody who had looked sad, or worried, or disappointed, smiled. Mrs. Bruxton, before she took her seat, hurried out to the kitchen again to comfort poor, heartbroken cook; and then the pudding was brought in blazing as merily as though it liked being in pieces instead of round and symmetrical. And they all made merry over it, and thanked the little "parson" in their hearts that the Christmas spirit, the "peace and good-will" had not been driven away, but rather strengthened by the disaster,—Churchman.

The Prize Winners, MASTER BARTON SCOTT WINS PRIZE No. 1-A WATER COLOR OUT-

MISS ELISE PRICE, No. 2-A COPY OF TENNYSON'S POEMS. Lest of Comp titors. Beamer Scott, south Laurel street, city; Elise Price, north Eighth street,

city; Grace Crouch, city; Annie Grimmel, city; Master C. P. Warren, Bacon's Cas-tle, Va.; Nannie P. Apperson, Marion, Va.; Louise Pendleton, Marion, Va.

Last Wook's Answers.

88.-Forecasting.
89.-Sixteen minutes, for at that time the axe has split eighteen blocks, while the saw has cut ten, and is just about sending two more to the ground. 90,-Peart, pear.

PIT BANCS BELCHER PALAVERER ZINCVITRIOL TCHETKINA SERRIES REINS ROA

92.—Can-not. 93.—Doughnuts. 94.—A jar (ajar). 94.—A jar (ajar). 94.—L Deeded. 2. Settee. 3. Teetee. 92.-Can-not

THE NEW COLUMN.

Announcement of January Prizes. The January prizes are the finest yet offered. No. 1 consists of a cabinet-photograph box of celluloid, hand-somely ornamented and lined with

No. 2-The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, nicely bound in cloth.

All solutions to puzzles must be clearly and correctly numbered, otherwise they will not receive attention.

98.-METAGRAM. (Initial changes.) His rubber ONE had got a hole, In hunting TWO near by; Before the camp-fire's glowing coal, He held his THREE to dry.

A deep-voiced owl began to FOUR. The night grew chill and damp; And far-off lynxes snarled and swore, That they would FIVE the camp.

They SIX the point with rising ire, On stump and SEVEN they wait, Meanwhile the wind blows up the fire, And scatters sparks and EIGHT. The cook loud NINES his dinner-horn

The sound to men most dear; But all those creatures forest-born, Slink off, in shuddering fear. M. C. S. 99.-ENIGMA.

I have but one eye
Yet three toes on my feet;
I'm slothful whenever A big meal I eat!

My head is in heaven, My tall is in jail, I climb trees that tower, And never feel pale.
BEECH NUT.

100.—SQUARE.
1. Dost drop.
2. One who, or that which, reveals.
3. To value too highly.
4. Stays.
5. The walls of a cavity or an organ.
6. Keratine (Supp. Unab.)
7. A town of Spain, in Granada.
(Worc.)
8. Trestles.
A. F. HOLT. A. F. HOLT.

In a school in the Nutmeg State one day, (And the nutmeg State is a very fine

The teacher remarked: "There is need to play.
As well as to work, to be strong and great; so, every day one-half of the school

Shall be chosen by lot, in a certain way. And given vacation from study and rule For a while, while the others

must stay. Stand up in a line, and each minth one half dozen be chosen, may go and run.

The Cosmopolitan... Review of Reviews. The Century...... St. Nicholas..... There were fifteen boys and fifteen girls, And the girls were smart, as they al-St. Nicholas
Scribner's
Harper's Magazine
Harper's Weekly
Harper's Fazaar
Harper's Young Peo
Lippincott's
The Illustrated Lon
the mid-summer a
sues And they put their heads together (the

Of their tongues could be heard, it is

said, afar), And so arranged it that every day, When the half was chosen, with smile

and smirk, The girls were always the ones to play, While the boys had always to stay

and work. And the question is, How was it done, That the boys had the girls the fun? PRUDENCE. 102.-DIAMOND.

1. A letter. 2. To fondle. 3. Vales.
4. Covets. 5. The office of a pastor.
6. Improving. 7. Tortoises. 8. Furnishing with a seat. 9. Anything that gives acute pain. 19. Existence. 11.
A letter. ADA. 103.-CHARADE.

Upon the balcony he stands, And listens while the rival bands, Shriek melodles of many lands,

In most aggressive key The bulwark of his party's power, They look to him in this dread hour, For shelter, as of mighty tower, Of ONE, TWO, THREE. Like thunder from the summer cloud,

ONE roars of cataract, the crowd Pours forth its welcome, deep and loud, From full TWO thousand throats; But while the eager mases sway, And cheer at all he doesn't say. The TOTAL shivers in dismay-He has mislaid his notes!

104.-FOR THE GAME MARKET. (In each couplet "TWO" is transpo to make "ONE," a kind of game.)

Now is the time the hunter TWO to be Abroad for ONE or grouse that he might

For hours, his hounds and he follow the ONE, Or seek the wild boar in his TWO-bed "for the fun."

ıII. And for ONE he crosses key brakes, Or crouches long and TWO by frozen lakes.

Or maybe sends his skiff through some slow tide, Where ONE-hens out of TWO-way shyly

Then others TWO the hunter's sport and Who go for ONE and rabbits in the lane.

Some try for larger game, and profits; Take gun and TWO, and get some ONE-MABEL P. no play! 105 -ENICMA.

105 -ENICMA.

("A pot he carries.")

A single letter drop from this,

Arrange the balance duly,

Twill give you those whose calling is

Just like that of "yours truly."

A P off bl I ve-m-m.

The Commercial Building and Loan Association offers its full-paid certificates of stock at \$50 per share.

This stock pays a cash dividend of 6 per cent. per annum and participates in the profits of the association. For further information, address Commercial Building and Loan Association, \$63 Main street, Richmond, Va.

Charles T. Blick, of King's Coffee Company, Norfolk, Va., adds his testimony to that of hundreds of others. He has used Quratol and thinks it a great discovery.

Parties having money to lend can find short or long-time real estate notes, with good rates of interest, by applying to us. THE FINANCE TRADING COMPANY.

The ladies of Richmond and the vicinity are requested to consult the young ladies who will represent the Seven Sutherland Sisters at the store of Julius Meyer & Sons, corner Sixth and Broad streets, commencing January 7th next, and who will cheerfully answer all questions regarding the treatment of the hair and scalp. She will also fully explain how the famous Seven Sutherland Sisters obtained their wonderfully luxuemes and brilliant growth of hair.

TRY OUR THREE-YEAR-OLD

\$2 PER GALLON.

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